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Northern Messenger

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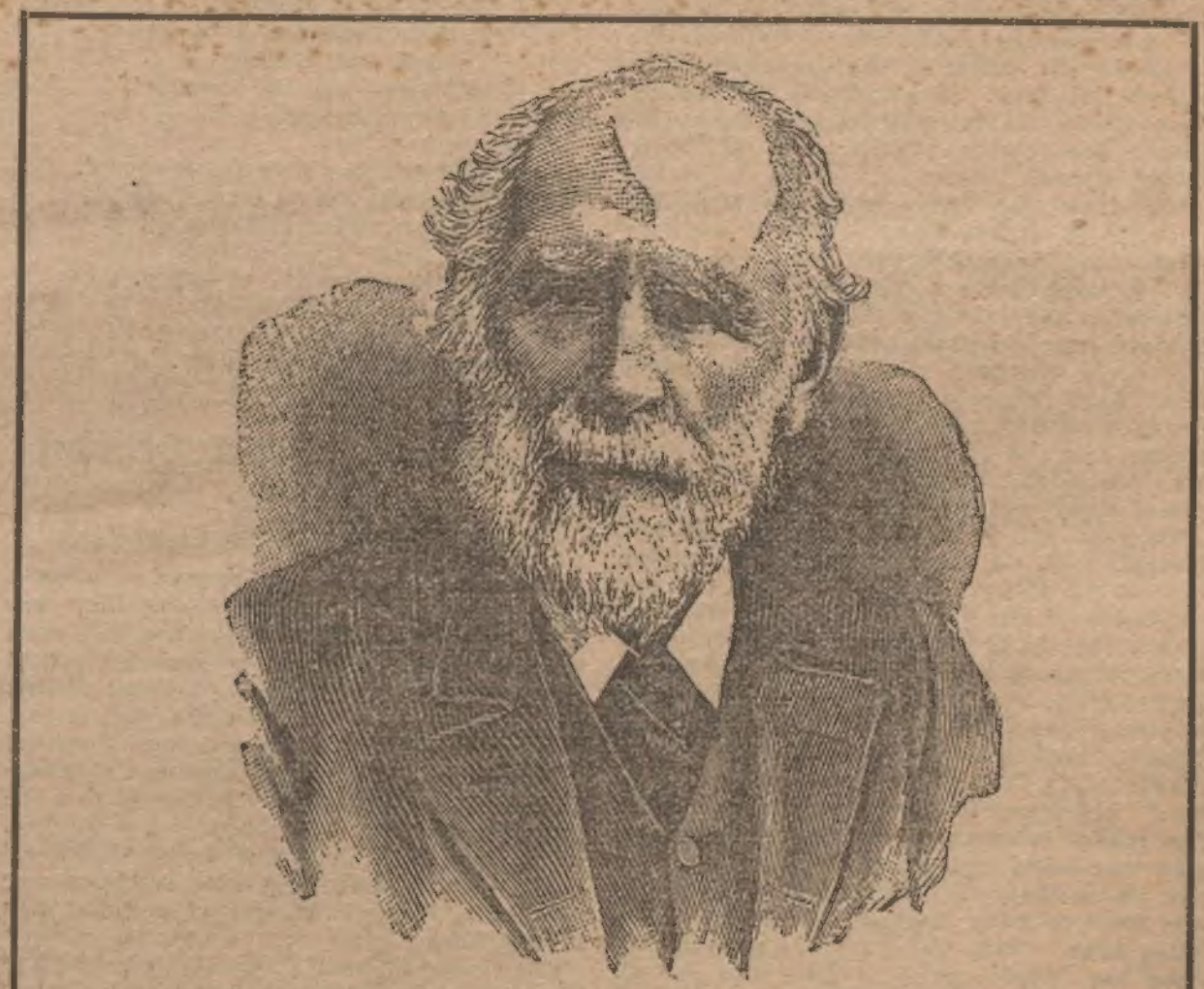
A Gospel Song-writer.

The late Mr. Albert Midlane.

Very touching have been the testimonies received from many parts of the world to the deep affection in which the late Mr. Albert Midlane was held by the people of God. There has been sorrow in multitudes of hearts; but during his long life of eighty-three years our dear friend had served the Lord with gladness, and there is throughout the Church of Christ, mingling with the mourning, a universal feeling of thankfulness for the beautiful as well as useful life which was so lately brought to a close.

It was our privilege, some little time before he passed away, to receive direct from Mr. Midlane some particulars of his own career; and now that the beloved one is no longer in our midst, these have a special and pathetic interest. His opening words were characteristic of the spirit of the man in all his dealings. 'There is nothing more lovely, when age has stamped its impress upon one, and the calm of life has come, than to trace the loving way of the Lord toward you, and the infinite wisdom which, step by step, has led on, filling up the outline of one's life, and giving shape and symmetry to the whole.'



THE LATE MR. ALBERT MIDLANE.

He then went on to tell that it was on Jan. 23, 1825, that he, who had become an aged pilgrim, was born—the son of a devoted mother. Not having, even in early days, the benefit of the care of an earthly father, he said he 'was the more cast upon Him who is the "Father of the fatherless, and the Husband of the widow"; yes, and especially of "the widow indeed."' For such was his mother; and, it was added: 'What an assurance of a future happy career—a godly mother and devoted teachers, with faith in the living God!' And this good man lived worthily of such a mother, whose memory was a continual inspiration.

Looking back over those years when he was so tenderly watched over, Mr. Midlane's words were: 'How often, from the cares of the family, would that dear mother lead me into a quiet room; and there, kneeling by my side, would she, with holy fervor, by prayer bring God into all her circumstances down here; or, by sweet communion, be with God above them all. How often the words of dear John Newton were upon her lips:—

'Yet a little, and we know,
Happy entrance will be given,
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.'

As will be readily understood, there came, at an early period, into the mind of one enjoying the benefit of such sweet and holy influences, clear convictions concerning his state before God—a sense of sin, causing sleepless nights and moistened pillows. This spiritual exercise does not seem to have been traceable to any particular personal dealing by others, but: 'This state of soul could not eventually be hidden from my teachers, and I was invited to attend a meeting for prayer held by the teachers for God's blessing upon their labors. It proved to be of God. A deep sense of His presence and power seemed to pervade the meeting. With bent knees and holy expectancy each soul was struggling. Light broke in upon my spirit. I could withstand no longer; and to the joy of my friends, and my own heart's relief, in broken language the surrender was full, and my immortal choice was made—"Christ for me." It was a solemn occasion as there, in early 'teens, I stood a confessor of the name of Jesus, and

brought within the circle of His interests.'

The life of Christian service began on the lines along which it was destined to continue to the end. From the first the young believer found his joy in seeking to win for the Lord those still younger than himself. 'The Sunday-school was my delight. Through all its stages I passed until my twentieth year. Then difficulties arose unthought of before—as to my position as a child of God, and the Scriptural foundation of that on which, as a professor, I stood. I now found that taking upon myself the task of teaching others involved the higher consideration of being taught myself.

'For any who have never known a like struggle of soul-exercise, it might seem a strange and uncalled-for position to occupy—so few, amid life's rush and hurry, care to be troubled about heavenly things. With me it was otherwise. I could not rest until I knew the liberty wherewith Christ makes His people free. Aged though my dear mother was, she sympathized with me in all this, until, her end approaching, in the buoyancy of faith and with the word "Victory," upon her lips, she passed away, resting upon my arm.'

Looking back over the fifty years that had elapsed, with all their manifold and varied experiences of the goodness of the Lord and revelation of His grace, Mr. Midlane went on to say that he 'could vividly recall the night when, in solemn hush and with wearied frame, I penned the lines, "There's a Friend for little children," for a devoted brother's serial, little thinking that it would be used for any other purpose than that for which it had been written.' The hymn became a classic, and when the jubilee celebration was in sight, permission was asked and given for its translation and use in Hungarian Sunday-schools, making one more to many languages in which it was being sung. 'Thus the hush of the midnight hour has found expression from the lips of peoples, kindreds, and tongues. To our God be the glory!'

Mr. Midlane's closing words to us were these: 'And as a life, exceeding the Psalmist's limit—amid labors of ever varied and deeply interesting character—is passing away, I would add—

'Yes, golden age, how blest!
Heaven stamps thereon its seal—
The threshold of the home of rest,
So beautiful, so real.'

When, in February last, the jubilee of his most popular hymn was being celebrated, Mr. Midlane said it was exceedingly cheering to him to receive communications from fathers and mothers telling him of children who had been blessed by the singing of the hymn, and of little ones whose last hours on earth had been made joyous by the thoughts of the Home to which they were passing as it was being sung to them. The letters he received became almost burdensome in number. A little girl, when dying by the Sea of Galilee, requested that the hymn should be sung. She wished, too, that she should be buried where the feet of her Friend had trodden, and that the hymn should be sung at the burial. These desires were both gratified.

Mr. Midlane's first hymn was written in 1842, when he was seventeen years of age; and so busy was his pen ever after in the service of his Lord and Master that over twelve hundred songs of praise are traced to his authorship.—The 'Christian.'

A LITTLE LAMB.

(By the late Albert Midlane.)

A little lamb went straying
Among the hills one day,
Leaving its faithful shepherd,
Because it loved to stray;
And while the sun shone brightly,
It knew no thought or fear,
For flowers around were blooming,
And balmy was the air.

But night came over quickly,
The hollow breezes blew—
The sun soon ceased from shining,
All dark and dismal grew.
The little lamb stood bleating,
As well indeed it might,
So far from home and shepherd,
And on so dark a night!

But ah! the faithful shepherd
Soon missed the little thing,
And onward went to seek it,
It home again to bring;
He sought on hill, in valley,
And called it by its name—
He sought, nor ceased his seeking,
Until he found his lamb.

Then to his gentle bosom
The little lamb he pressed,
And, as he bore it homeward,
He fondly it caressed.
The little lamb was happy
To find itself secure;
And happy, too, the shepherd,
Because his lamb he bore.

And won't you love the Shepherd,
So gentle and so kind,
Who came from brightest glory
His little lambs to find?
To make them, oh, so happy,
Rejoicing in His love,
Till every lamb be gathered
Safe in His home above.

Victorian Indian Orphan Society.

Red Letter Days in the Orphanage.

Our many friends will remember what a good friend the late Maharajah of Dhar was to us, for he it was who gave the land upon which our first building was erected, the land being valued at about three thousand dollars. Strange was it not that our first and largest donation was from a heathen. His successor who came into power some time ago, at whose marriage there was much rejoicing, is now the proud father of a little baby girl. On Dec. 10th, the little Princess was named 'Susthila,' all the people in the city were rejoicing over the event, many bands played and the city at night was aglow with fireworks.

Our Orphanage children went in a body to the home of the Maharajah, as they marched they sang sacred hymns and carried little presents. Her Highness (the Maharajah's wife) received them very pleasantly calling them to her, and had sweet-meats given them, all saw the baby and went away very happy.

What a wonderful change has taken place in India, it is only a few years since even the shadow of a Christian falling on a heathen, or the shadow of one of low caste falling on one of high caste would contaminate them, now we see the Christian of all 'castes' welcomed at the home of the Maharajah.

Truly the seed sown is bearing fruit.

The Christmas-tide was looked forward to with a great deal of pleasure and was observed with joy and gladness, giving and receiving presents of books, jackets, combs, looking-glasses and bags. All were thankful for a good dinner of rice, curry and fried bread, about 200 in all, as the former students who were married were invited to be with them.

They played and danced about till the time came to separate, then all praised God and gave thanks for His goodness.

Already money is coming in for next Christmas and this event is looked forward to with a great deal of pleasure by the children of the orphanage. We endeavor to send thirty-five dollars a year for this treat and trust many friends will share in the pleasure of making a small contribution for this purpose. All contributions, with addresses, should be sent to the Secretary-Treasury of the Victorian India Orphan Society,

Mrs. A. T. Taylor,
205 Maryland street,
Winnipeg,

who will be pleased to acknowledge all money and give any information possible.

Religious News.

A missionary writing from Nigeria draws the following picture of the natives' 'happy methods of life':

Some ask why we go to the heathen and disturb their happy methods of life. Tell me, can true happiness exist when standards of purity and true honor are unknown? Feathers, and piles of dirt, and old earthenware pots are the objects of worship. Blood of birds and beasts is sprinkled in some of the king's houses as a sacrifice for offenses against the deity. Fatalism cuts the nerve of all effort. Men are improvident because they believe in an allotted destiny which does not require effort on their part. Women are slaves of men. I do not know of one woman who is independent in earning a livelihood. . . . There are no cemeteries. The dead are buried under the floors of the houses on the day of death, and no memorials are erected.

The 'Baptist Missionary Magazine' prints a letter from the Rev. M. C. Mason, of Assam, which gives this statement, showing how the Gospel transforms beings as utterly earthy and gross as the Garos. Work was begun among them forty years ago, and presently a church was formed with 39 members. Of this number 33 have since died, after living lives truly Christian. Of the residue 3 were unsteadfast; but after discipline repented, and only one fell utterly away. Since the first ingathering 830 have been received into the Church.

Work in Labrador.

SPECIALISTS COMING TO HELP GRENFELL MISSION.

Dr. Grenfell wants to be made known as early and as widely as possible the good news of the proposed visit of several eminent surgeons to St. Anthony during the coming summer. Dr. Stewart and Dr. Little will by that time have gone forward to their more northern stations, and Dr. Wakefield, whose services have already made him well known in the mission, will again be in charge of St. Anthony Hospital.

During the month of July, writes Dr. Grenfell, the professor of surgery of Cornell University will be in residence at St. Anthony; during the month of August the professor of surgery of Pittsburg; and during the latter part of August and September an eminent specialist on diseases of the ear and throat. Among the fishermen of Newfoundland there are many suffering from various diseases of the ear and if they do seek help during this summer I should like them to time their arrival at St. Anthony that they may obtain the special advice which then shall be in their reach in September. The expense of seeking the aid of the eminent men in the centres of civilization, to which so many who are able to afford it resort, can thus be entirely obviated. The north coast of Newfoundland is a beautiful spot for these friends to come and spend their summer holiday, and, while they are willing to freely offer their services, they consider that they are being repaid by the bracing air and the new experience and possibility of the opportunity to cast a line for trout and salmon in our beautiful rivers. The debt of gratitude to these men will be quite as much ours as it is the fishermen's, for, in the multiplicity of duties that fall on our doctors, we are unable to specialize and attain the eminence in any one particular line that is within the reach of those who have only one line of work to pursue. Believe me to remain,

Very sincerely yours,
WILFRED GRENFELL.

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

Received for the launch:—R. N. Walsh, Ormstown, P.Que., $10.00; Mission School, Sault Ste. Marie, per J. Parish, $2.00; E. Glen, Cranford, N.J., $5.00; A Friend, Hopewell, N.S., $3.00; A Friend, Middlesex, $5.00; Ethel M. Burke, Reaboro, Ont., $3.00; Mrs. Geo. Burke, Reaboro, Ont., $1.00; Jennie Wallace, Carlisle, $1.00; Total.. .. ..$ 30.00

Received for the cots:—Mission School, Sault Ste. Marie, $2.00; E. C. G., Creighton, $2.00; Knox Church Mission Band, Perth, Ont., 50cts.; Mrs. A. J. Robinson, Welland, $2.00; Jennie Wallace, Carlisle, $1.00; Mrs. A. E. L., Toronto, $2.00; Total.. .. ..$ 9.50

Received for the komatik:—Mission School, Sault Ste. Marie, $2.00; Jennie Wallace, Carlisle, $1.00; Total.. .. ..$ 3.00

Previously acknowledged for all purposes.. .. ..$ 2,058.62

Total on hand up to April 21.. ..$ 2,101.12

Address all subscriptions for Dr. Grenfell's work to 'Witness' Labrador Fund, John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, stating with the gift whether it is for launch, komatik, or cots.

LESSON,—SUNDAY, MAY 16, 1909.

Paul's First Missionary Journey—Iconium and Lystra.

Acts xiv., 8-22. Memory verses 21, 22. Read Acts xiv., 1-28.

Golden Text.

All the gods of the nations are idols, but the Lord made the heavens. Psa. xcvi., 5.

Home Readings.

Monday, May 10.—Acts xiv., 1-10.
Tuesday, May 11.—Acts xiv., 11-28.
Wednesday, May 12.—II. Tim. iii., 10-17.
Thursday, May 13.—Mark vi., 1-6.
Friday, May 14.—I. Cor. viii., 1-6.
Saturday, May 15.—II. Cor. vi., 1-10.
Sunday, May 16.—II. Cor. iv., 5-18.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

Did anyone ever read to you or did you ever read for yourself the stories that Hawthorne tells in his 'Wonder Book'? Those stories are told by Hawthorne for little children nowadays, but he is only telling over again stories that little boys and girls used to hear over and over again in another language than ours, a great many years ago. The little children of the country where Paul and Barnabas went to preach about Jesus used to know these stories well. One of the stories in this wonder book tells how once upon a time two of the Greek gods, Jupiter and Mercury, came to earth and walked about to see how the people on earth were behaving. But the people did not know they were gods; they only saw an old man and a younger man who were tired and dusty walking along the road; and because these two travellers seemed poor and wanted food, the people set their dogs after them, and the children threw stones at them and called them names. This went on until the two travellers came to the home of two poor old people, named Philemon and Baucis, who took them in and gave them food and offered them shelter, and, indeed, anything they needed. Jupiter and Mercury then made the two poor old people very rich and gave them the great wish of their hearts. This is the story that the little children and the grown people all knew long ago when Paul and Barnabas were preaching among them in a town called Lystra, and one day the people all thought that Jupiter and Mercury had come to earth again? Now, what do you suppose made them think that, and who do you think they took for Jupiter and Mercury?

FOR THE SENIORS.

The success and ease that attended the work in Cyprus culminating in the favor of the pro-consul at Papbos were in strong contrast to the difficulties that beset the paths of the apostles in their work on the mainland. Yet these churches that were planted in difficulty, and grown in affliction and persecution seem to have been stronger and more important than the more easily planted churches of Cyprus. The Jews hounded the apostles from place to place as persistently as they themselves were in later centuries driven from one town or country to another by a mistaken Christianity. The persistence of their opposition at Iconium was not considered by the apostles any reason for immediate retreat. Rather, as verse 3 intimates, it induced them to spend a long time strengthening the converts in their new found faith. However, they were mindful of their Master's advice (Matt. x., 23), and when further remaining on the ground seemed inadvisable, they left for the nearby city of Lystra. Here the great miracle which St. Paul performed brought them into a new difficulty, and the people finding themselves concerned in a very foolish mistake were easily led, by the disturbers who followed the apostles from Iconium, to turn against them bitterly. There seems to have been little warning of the intention of the mob in this case for Paul never unwisely risked his life, and doubtless would have left Lystra as he had Iconium had any warning been given. His remarkable escape from death or return to life is very little touched upon by the historian, but there are some who think that St. Paul himself refers in II. Cor. xii., 1-4, to his experience at this time when both friends and enemies took him for dead and that he himself could not say whether he was then 'in the body, or—out of the body.' It seems to have been an experience of which he did not wish to speak much, being driven to mention it only in those extraordinary chapters of self-vindication of an unjust charge. If the two strange experiences are one then God certainly gave Paul a marvellous reward for his suffering, and Paul's reticence with regard to his experience (II. Cor. xii., 4) would be one explanation why Luke refers to the matter so briefly. The return trip through these cities shows that the apostles cannot be accused of any lack of courage in their passing from one city to another in times of persecution. The return to Antioch and report to the church there, is evidence that the apostles still considered themselves responsible to the people who sent them out, and that God's people in his church, not any special apostle, are the highest, earthly authority recognized in the early centuries.

(SELECTIONS FROM TARBELL'S 'GUIDE.')

Verses 15-17. Two things, at least, may be noticed in St. Paul's address at Lystra. There was nothing in it distinctively Christian: it might have been spoken by a pious Jew; and yet the very absence of Christian phraseology witnesses to the truthful report of the speech, as also to the tact of St. Paul. This 'natural religion' of the address at Lystra and its appeal to the material benefits of life would be likely to influence men who were dependent on rain and fruitful seasons. Or it may be that the apostle's purpose was merely to check an act of idolatry on the part of the inhabitants, rather than to preach a Gospel; or the speech may have been interrupted before the Christian application was enforced. But in any case it is difficult to believe that any one who was concocting a speech for the apostle would have made it void of any Christian reference whatever. At the same time, the whole narrative shows us in the plainest manner that St. Paul, in his preaching to the inhabitants of Lystra, proclaimed something far higher than a creed of natural theology.—R. J. Knowling, in 'The Testimony of St. Paul to Christ.'

Verse 22. 'Through many tribulations we must enter into the Kingdom of God.' 'We so often complain of Providence because we forget its design,' says a great English preacher.' 'Does God rule the world to the end of making us rich, great, or happy? Were this the objective, the course of the divine government would present, indeed, a series of sad blunders. But the goal of life is not personal enjoyment, social distinction, or material aggrandizement; it is a moral discipline, it designs the sanctification of our spirit, it is that we should be fit for the presence, joy and service of the holy God. Could we understand the relation of each painful event to our spiritual perfecting, we should talk less of the imperfections of His government.'

The Missionary Spirit. There is no history so thrilling, so full of adventure, containing so many wonderful examples of heroism and zeal, as the history of the pioneer missionaries in heathen lands and in the wild frontier regions of our own land. 'Men that have hazarded their lives for the name of our Lord Jesus Christ,' the council at Jerusalem called the first missionaries, Paul and Barnabas (Acts xv., 26); their successors have been legion.

If you have read the biography of Robert Moffatt you recall that scene where the South African chief with a dozen men stood holding aloft poisoned spears, about to plunge them into his body. He had been repairing his waggon, and his wife stood by when the men came upon him. Dropping his tools and baring his breast the great missionary said: 'Your threats are vain. We have come to bless you, and here we stay. If you are bound to be rid of us, do what you will. But our hearts are with you and we shall stay with you till we are killed. Now spear me, if you will, and when you have slain me, others like me will come to take up the work.' The spears dropped as the chief said to his men, 'These missionaries are so fearless of death, they must have ten lives: there must be another life beyond.' The spirit of Robert Moffatt is the spirit that has animated all true-hearted missionaries. They have hazarded and spent their lives for the people among whom they have worked.

'If thou faint in the day of adversity, thy strength is small,'—too small to be worth talking about, for the day of adversity is its first real opportunity.—Maltbie D. Babcock.

Not only does tribulation stand at the threshold of the kingdom of God but on the threshold of every kingdom that it is worth your while as young men to enter.—Charles Leach.

(FROM PELOUBET'S 'NOTES.')

In connection with to-day's lesson it is interesting to recall the Legend of Paul and Thekla. This famous story is a later legend, but is very likely based on truth. Thekla, the daughter of a noble Iconium family, is represented as sitting at a window in her mother's house and overhearing the preaching of Paul in a neighboring house. Deeply moved, she became a Christian. Thamyris, her betrothed lover, thereupon accused Paul of being a magician, and using his power to dissuade women from marriage. Paul was imprisoned, scourged, and then expelled from Iconium. Thekla, bribing the jailer, visited Paul in prison, and was instructed by him in the Christian faith. She was found there by her mother and lover, and was condemned to be burned to death in the theater. She was put upon the pyre, but the flames refused to burn her. Then a storm came on, quenched the fire, and killed many of the spectators. Later she was thrown to the wild beasts, but a lioness crouched at her feet and defended her from a lion and a bear, dying in Thekla's defense. She suffered many more trials, but finally joined Paul in his missionary travels, and at last made her home near Seleucia, where she led the life of a nun till her death at the age of ninety.

Verses 9, 11. Paul had been preaching in Greek, which they all understood, but the people 'reverted in their excitement to their rude native Lycaonian dialect, just as a Welsh crowd, after being excited to an overpowering degree by the English discourse of some great Methodist, might express its emotions in Welsh.'—Farrar. That is why the apostles made no protest.

'St. Luke's careful language avoids any statement that the apostle had been killed or that anything miraculous happened; but the narrative (the supposed death followed by a long journey the next day) gives the impression of an extraordinary recovery—a restoration which resembled a resurrection from the dead.'—Rackham. It was certainly a special providence for which Christians through all time will be grateful.

Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, May 16.—Topic—Putting off the great decision. Acts xxiv., 25.

C. E. Topic.

Monday, May 10.—Deliverance at the Cross. John iii., 14-18.
Tuesday, May 11.—What becomes of sin? Mic. vii., 18-20.
Wednesday, May 12.—Joy at the Cross. Gal. vi., 14-18.
Thursday, May 13.—Peace at the Cross. Rom. v., 1-11.
Friday, May 14.—Cleansing at the Cross. Heb. ix., 12-14.
Saturday, May 15.—Sealed at the Cross. Eph. i., 7-14.
Sunday, May 16.—Topic—Pilgrim's Progress Series. V. At the Cross. John xix., 16-27; Luke xxiii., 39-49.

Our Country's Flag.

Any boy or girl who wants a really fine flag of real wool bunting can have one for Empire Day by a little work. Read about our plan on another page.

Correspondence

ROYAL LEAGUE OF KINDNESS.

I pledge myself
To speak kindly to others,
To speak kindly of others,
To think kind thoughts,
To do kind deeds.

Anyone may become a member of the R. L. of K. by copying out the above pledge, signing and sending it to the editor.

PLEDGE CARDS.—For those who wish to have them, we issue neat and durable pledge cards, 4 inches by 6, printed in purple and white, and ready to hang on the wall. Single cards, five cents and two cents for postage; six cards to one address, twenty-five cents and two cents for postage.

BADGES.—We also issue for sale with the pledge card, if desired, a neat brooch pin of fine hard enamel, in the above design of a bow in our own league colors, purple and white. Single badge with pledge card, and postage included, twenty-five cents; five badges with pledge cards and postage included to one address, one dollar.

Mark all orders on both envelope and letter with the three letters R.L.K.

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Cherries.' Merle Sargent (age 11), R., Man.
2. 'Our House.' Matthew Duxbury (age 9), M., Ont.
3. 'School House.' Raymund McComb, M., Ont.
4. 'My Jack Knife.' James Armstrong (age 10), O. S., Ont.
5. 'Our Church.' W. H. Mann (age 13), T. B., Ont.
6. 'Hen and Chicks.' Margaret McEachern (age 11), R. P., P.E.I.
7. 'Bow! Wow! Who are You?' Annie Kreiss, A., Ont.
8. 'Our Horse, Ned.' Ernest Atkinson, B. P., Ont.
9. 'The Police We Need.' Norman Ward (age 10), H., Ont.
10. 'Locomotive.' Jack Marshall (age 8), Toronto.
11. 'First Signs of Spring.' Bertie Wright (age 10), T., Ont.
12. 'In the Farm Yard.' W. Matthews (age 11), A., Sask.
13. 'Playing a Horn.' Russell Hicks (age 7), Toronto.
14. 'An Ostrich.' Arthur Krueger, O., Man.
15. 'Our Horse, Minnie.' Helen Loree (age 11), B., Ont.

The new members to be welcomed this week are Dorothea L. Lantz, and Muriel G. Lantz, M. S., N.S.; Elaine Pye, M. J., N.S.; Hattie M. Baxter, L. E., N.B.; Mary Niven, P. P., Man., and Emma Hess, A., Alta.

Two of Mary's sisters, Ruth and Grace, joined us in January and now Mary is following their example, showing that they have been remembering their pledge. Ruth, Grace, and Mary, all carry their colors, too.

W., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would write and tell you how I spent a day at the lake. It was about 30 miles from our place. We drove about 5 miles along the lake shore. When we got there we had dinner. Then we went out boat riding. I had some rides in a row-boat and in a gasoline launch. We had supper there and came home afterwards. When we got home we were very tired.

NED BOLTON (age 9).

Stockton on Tees, Eng.

Dear Editor,—I read with great interest the letters from children on the correspondence page, so thought you would like a few lines from a regular reader away in England. I have a cousin in Canada who sends us the 'Messenger' every week. I have only one little brother who is nearly four. He knows his letters and goes to Sunday School, and can recite lots of poetry. He is a very funny boy and likes to open the 'Messenger.'

GLADYS RIPLEY.

P., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl almost eight years old. My mother is dead and I am living with Ethel Bentley's father and mother. They are my uncle and aunt. I go to school with Ethel. Auntie reads the stories to me out of the 'Messenger,' and I like it very much.

EMMA SOPHIA HENRY.

W., Ont.

Dear Editor,—W. is a very pretty place, especially in the summer. There are many fine buildings, such as the Post Office, Court House, Armories, House of Refuge, Epileptic Hospital and the General Hospital, and to add to the list they are building a fine new Sunday school which belongs to the new St. Paul's English Church. That is where I attend. I might also say that the school is called the 'William Gray Memorial Hall,' because a very rich gentleman died and left money for it to be built. I enclose a sonnet that I wrote myself. It is not a very good one, but I have written better ones.

RUBY STEVENS.

[Thank you for the 'sonnet,' Ruby, and all the nice things it says. Ed.]

E. P., N.S.

Dear Editor,—My grandma takes the 'Messenger' and she brings it up to us to read, and I like to read the correspondence page. We live quite near the seashore. I have two grandpa's and two grandma's. We live quite near the United Baptist Church. I have an aunt that lives at our house. She is deaf and blind. She cannot see at all. We have forty-two scholars at our school when they are all there.

MINNIE MACGOODWIN.

S., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I notice you never have any letters from Sprucedal, so I thought I would write one. I am eight years old and my brother is the same. I'm a twin. Papa and I went down to Galt this winter. We are not far from the church and about a mile from school. Four of us go to school, and take our dinner. Father and grandpa have a sawmill near Rainy Lake. We have had lots of snow all winter, and we went skating some times.

NORMAN D.

E. P., N.S.

Dear Editor,—We have a new house, built last summer. I have one little brother, and three little sisters. My twin sister and brother were a year old last month. We live quite near the seashore. My father is a fisherman. I help mamma look after the cow.

ELTON LE ROY GOODWIN.

P., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I only have one pet and that is a kitten. I live on a farm and we have a little colt that is black with a white face. He will eat bread from my hand. I am very much intersted in Dr. Grenfell's letters.

ETHEL MAY BENTLEY.

OTHER LETTTRS.

Leslie Gnaedinger, Montreal, keeps pigeons for pets. 'I once had a dog but he is dead. I have a big brother and he keeps pigeons also.'

Edith A. Watts, G. T., N.S., asks 'Why is a sick cat like a boot with no heel?'

Mildred H. C. Johnson, S., Ont., has 'a very nice white cat and maltese and I call her Rosabella.

Ella MacDonald, M., N.S., loves to read the stories in the 'Messenger,' 'only I wish they were twice as long.' Your riddles have been asked before, Ella.

Tom Bacon, T., Ont., has 'a little dog whose name is Topsy. It has long ears and a curly coat. I get along finely at school.'

Leslie Bremner, V., Man., says 'We had a skating rink in our yard, and we held a carnival, charging five cents admission. We received seventy-five cents and gave it to the hospital here.' Gordon Bremner has a dog 'that I can hitch in the sleigh.'

Thelma Yeoman, W., Ont., lives in a city. 'There are lots of stores here.'

Jean Gray, K., Ont., says 'It is very pretty country around here. It is almost time to fish.'

Florence M. Smith, B., Ont., is only seven and 'going to start school after Easter.' Well, how have you liked it, Florence?

Elaine Pye, M. J., N.S., has been ill this winter, 'so I did not get to school much.' We hope you are quite well now, Elaine.

M. M. P., K., Ont., sends in answers that have since been printed.

Genevieve Dorothea Jamieson, T., Ont., is just six and a half. You have a very big name for a little girl to carry. Your letter was very well written.

Helen M. Loree, B., Ont., thinks her home 'a very pretty place in summer. We live about a quarter of a mile from the Grand River where we often go fishing.'

Emma A. Hess, A., Alta., tells about an Easter concert they were going to have at school, and how their teacher painted some Easter eggs 'after sticking a hatpin through each end and blowing out the contents.' Emma asks this riddle: 'If all the letters of the alphabet were asked to a party, when would the last six arrive?

We also received short letters from Alice M. Hitchings, S. R., N.B., and from Bessie and Phyllis Browne, R., Ont. Phyllis says 'we have all got La Grippe.'

Have You a Flag?

Empire Day is coming, you will want one. Your school will want one. If you have none, we can help you to get one WITHOUT A CENT OF OUTLAY. Two genuine subscriptions to 'World Wide' at $1.50, and three genuine new subscriptions to the 'Weekly Witness' or to the 'Canadian Pictorial' and a fine two yard flag is secured. You can get it also by sending fifteen new subscriptions to the 'Messenger' at 40 cents; or you can make up a $6.00 list of any of these publications, so long as all subscriptions are new and at full rates. Larger flags for larger lists, but every flag of the very best quality. Everyone so far more than delighted. Let us tell you all about our plan and send you sample papers, etc.

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BOYS AND GIRLS

Daffodils.

(By William Wordsworth.)

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd—
A host of golden daffodils
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the Milky Way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I, at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee;
A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company;
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought.
For oft, when on my couch I lie,
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

Eyes and Microscope.

Flowers, like everything else that is lovely in the visible world, are only to be seen rightly with the eyes which the God who made them gave us; and neither with microscopes nor spectacles. These have their uses for the curious and the aged; as stilts and crutches have for people who want to walk in mud, or cannot safely walk but on the three legs anywhere. But in health of mind and body, men should see with their own eyes, hear and speak without trumpets, walk on their feet, not on wheels, and work and war with their arms, not with engine-beams, nor rifles warranted to kill twenty men at a shot before you can see them. The use of the great mechanical powers may indeed sometimes be compatible with the due exercise of our own; but the use of instruments for exaggerating the powers of sight necessarily deprives us of the best pleasures of sight. A flower is to be watched as it grows, in its association with the earth, the air, and the dew; its leaves are to be seen as they expand in sunshine; its colors, as they embroider the field, or illumine the forest. Dissect or magnify them, and all you discover or learn at last will be that oaks, roses, and daisies, are all made of fibres and bubbles; and these again, of charcoal and water; but, for all their peeping and probing, nobody knows how.—Ruskin.

A Gracious Girl.

Why do some girls have favors showered upon them? Because, no matter what is done for them, they never fail to be gracious and grateful.

Let the person beware who has reached the age when she looks on receiving favors as her due; it will not be long before courtesies cease to come her way.

No matter how generously inclined or how cynical one may be in talking of gratitude, we resent it in our hearts when the nice little things we do for others are taken too much for granted. We prefer gush, even though we know it to be insincere, to the curt thanks that are merely 'manners,' not appreciation.

The girl who is most apt to fall into this error of indifference to favors is she who has much done for her. At first she is deeply grateful when older women take her on a trip in their machines or include her in little dinners to which others of her set are not invited, but by and by she grows accustomed to these attentions, and instead of being pleased to receive invitations is resentful when she doesn't get them.

There is no popularity that will long withstand taking favors as one's due. To feel the world owes one a living or our friends owe us favors is the quickest road to financial and social bankruptcy.

If we got what we deserved most of us would go shy on attentions; half the pleasure that comes our way is from the gracious thought of some friend. Never make the mistake of underestimating that graciousness or of being so conceited as to think it springs from your attractiveness.

The girl who can count on her favors continuing is she who takes the pains to write a gracious note in return for an invitation, and who follows it up with a spoken word of appreciation when next the giver is met.

There is no social coin that has bigger buying power than the ability to be grateful without being fulsome. The latter smacks of insincerity, and disgusts where it was meant to charm. A few well chosen words of pleasure and gratitude count more than a long letter of meaningless gush.

It is less one's power to express gratitude that needs cultivating than gratitude itself. We are all more or less inclined to take things as a matter of course, particularly if the donor has heaped us with favors.

The next time some one does you a kindness note how you take it. If your involuntary thought is, 'How sweet of her!' your appreciativeness will not need cultivating; if you think, 'Why shouldn't she do it?' you have fallen into the grievous social error of taking favors as your due.

It is not merely good manners to be grateful and know how to express it; it is good policy. If you are not appreciative by nature assume it in the interest of your reputation.

Be very sure that the girl who thinks it too much trouble to acknowledge a kindness, or who is neglectful of small attentions will have cause to repent her ungratefulness. When she begins to wonder why her invitations fall off, let her look here for the reason. —The 'Times.'

About the Transformation of Tommy.

(Ramsay Guthrie, in the 'Christian World.')

When Effie made her defence there were tears in her eyes, but a laugh in her voice. Often and often she was compelled to repeat her 'apologia.' She trembled as she spoke.

'Noo, whaat else could I dae, I wad like to knaa?' she would demand with nervous vehemence. 'Could I put the bairn oot o' doors, or gi'e him to the police, or dump him doon at the poor-hoose? Nae! Nae! Not varry likelies! If his mother could leave him aall be hissel' in a greet big world, diddent he need a canny soft body like me to mind him? I'm not denying that he's a handful. He hes the mischief of a million in his noddle. But there's nae tellin' whaat he may be, an' I'll wait an' see. An' onyway, he's better wi' me than wi' naebody else!'

It was a lovely day in the early spring when the pedlar-woman had appeared at Effie's door. She was a stranger to Blackerton. Pins and needles, tapes and threads were the goods she offered for sale. Her child, slung in her shawl on her back, was crying piteously.

'Could ye gi'e him a droppie o' milk?' the woman had asked in an exhausted and mournful voice, and, in a 'jiffey', Effie had the bairn in her arms and was in the pantry.

The minute sufficed for the woman's disappearance.

'Noo, me sonnie,' laughed Effie, turning to the door, 'but where's your mother?' she cried aghast.

Up and down the row she looked, but the woman was not to be seen.

Effie strolled about the doors with the child in her arms, thinking that perhaps the stranger was doing business with the neighbors, then, she hurried to the bottom of the row and then to the top.

The woman had vanished, and, strange to say, her coming and going had been unperceived.

'She'll be comin' for tha, by-an'-by,' she cooed to the child, and, in the meantime, she 'faked' him a bed on the settle and laid him down to sleep.

The day lingered, but the pedlar-woman did not return. The night closed in and left the child to Effie.

She took the bairn to bed with her.

For long she lay in the candle-light, watching his face as he lay on her arm, conscious the while of an unwonted thrill.

The childless widow had a mother's imagination.

Did she hope or fear the woman's return?

Her heart suggested the alternatives, but she would not answer.

For days she lived with the thought of the woman in her mind, but, when a week had dragged away, the sense of possession seized her.

Blackerton knew that Effie Dean had adopted the 'haawker's brat.'

It was the milkman who christened him.

Effie wanted 'a gill extra,' and pointed to the child.

'Is't a Tommy or a Mary?' he inquired, naming the only names he ever applied to the children on the colliery.

From thenceforth Effie's bairn was Tommy.

He was a nine days' wonder. Nearly all the mothers popped in to see him. His great head, with its prickly black hair, was the astonishment of every beholder, and his eyes —eyes, which all averred, 'seemed to be lookin' aall ways at once'—were declared to be 'uncanny.'

Effie was commiserated and condemned.

The years passed on and Tommy proved a 'terror.'

As a five-year-old, he was the tyrant of the row. Sometimes he deigned to play with his juvenile contemporaries, but always he was the chieftain and they the serfs. They bought his favor with 'bullukers' and marbles, but his gratitude was short-lived.

He was the pride and pest of the schoolmaster. His precocity was astounding. He learnt like lightning. He was always at the top of the class. Without the slightest difficulty he mastered his lessons. Learning with speed, he had time for mischief.

Not once, but scores of times, the schoolroom was a pandemonium. In the midst of the confusion the master sought to discover the cause. Invariably he was baffled. The culprit was either absorbed in his book or looking around in innocent surprise.

But the Sunday-school was Tommy's field of victory, and Long Tom his special victim.

If Tom Greener had not been the soul of kindly patience, Tommy would have been expelled long before. Tommy would sit beside his teacher, his great head resting on his hand, and a query or an observation would throw Long Tom into confusion and the class into a shout of laughter.

When Tommy applied to be set-on at the pit the manager regarded him suspiciously. Tommy was notorious. 'An imp of mischief' he was declared to be.

'Thoo'll hetta start at the screens,' the manager said; 'an' mind thoo behaves thesel'.'

For several days Tommy was 'as large as life.' He was 'as good as a pitman' in his cut-short trousers, leather cap and hob-nailed boots.

In less than a month there was a strike on the screens.

The manager met the youthful agitators.

'Noo, me lads, whaat's the matter?' he asked, glancing around at them. 'Ye're startin' arly to be strikers!'

All eyes turned to Tommy, who at that moment was astronomically enthralled.

'Tell him, Tommy!' two or three whispered loudly.

'Tell him yersels! I'm new to the business!' was his careless rejoinder.

The lads looked at each other in dismay and anger.

One of them fiercely told the truth.

'It waas him, maister, an' naebody else. He egged us on. We've nowt to complain on.'

Tommy was summarily dismissed, and seemingly indifferent to his fate.

When Effie expostulated with him she was peremptorily silenced.

For weeks and months he loafed about. Sometimes Effie waited till midnight for his coming, and would then retire to rest, leaving the door unlatched.

Tommy was despised.

'He'll come tiv a bad end, see if he dissent,' was the familiar prophecy. "Whaat's bred i' the bone"—ye knaa the rest? Whaat could ye expect from a haawker's brat? Effie Dean's weel-sarved. She waddent be advised.'

It was through Long Tom's misfortune that Tommy was redeemed.

Idling in the Square he had seen the men

coming from the pit carrying their burden on the stretcher.

'Whee is't?' he asked, approaching them.

'Lang Tom!' one of them impatiently responded.

'He's not deed, is he?' and Tommy's eyes seemed to be galloping round their sockets.

'Nae, he's not deed, but bornt, an' badly!'

Tommy followed them to the door, his face full of concern and fear. All the day he waited. He saw the doctor coming and going.

In the days that followed he lingered near the house where the injured man lay. Death was feared. By-and-by, it was known that Long Tom was blinded for life.

Tommy was distracted. Effie was more than terrified at his grief.

Long Tom's wife had noticed his persistent presence.

'Wad tha like to see him?' she asked one morning, but he took to his heels, and did not reappear that day.

The next morning he ventured near the door.

'Thoo can see him if thoo likes,' Mrs. Greener suggested, but he burst into tears and fled again.

'He wad like to speak to tha!'

She had been expecting him and hoped to coax him in.

Long Tom was sitting up in bed with bandaged eyes.

Tommy would have fled, but the door was closed.

'Whee's that?' the blinded man inquired in feeble voice.

'It's me! Tommy! Tommy, the good-for-nowt!' and he began to cry.

'I wish I could see tha! But thoo's not a good-for-nowt! Thoo's one o' my canny lads. Gi'e me thee hand!'

Tommy shuffled to the side of the bed.

'Canny Tommy,' the sick man murmured. 'Wad thoo mind when I'm better to be me guide for a bit? I'll need a friend, Tommy!'

Tommy fell to his knees, overwhelmed with pity and shame.

'I'll dae owt thoo likes, Tom, if thoo'll not be ashamed to be seen wi' me.'

Thus it came to pass that for weeks and months the blinded Tom and the penitent Tommy were always together. Many a heart ached at the sight. It was pitiful to see the sightless collier holding the arm of the lad despised.

They became inseparable. Tommy had to read to him. Chapter after chapter daily the Bible was read. All the favorites of Long Tom's library were perused. Every evening the newspaper was scanned. Together they sat in the chapel and in the Sunday-school and at the class-meeting. The blinded man could not go anywhere without him.

And a wonderful thing ensued, to the surprise and gladness of every heart.

Tommy was transformed. The deeps of his soul were broken up. His intellect was awakened. All unconsciously, he took on the ways and words of the man he loved. Many, indeed, were the confidences exchanged between them.

That Sunday night in the prayer-meeting Long Tom prayed. For the sad and the sinful he pleaded. For their conversion that hour he yearned.

Seating himself, his hand went out for Tommy.

His place was vacant.

The blinded Tom moved around uneasily, feeling for his guide.

'Tommy, Tommy! Where is tha?' he whispered hoarsely, and the truth was explained to him.

Tommy had crept to the penitent form to give himself to God.

Then an extraordinary thing occurred. Long Tom sprang to his feet, walked up the aisle, and knelt by Tommy's side.

That was one of Blackerton's immortal scenes. The sightless Tom led the penitent Tommy into the light of life.

It all happened years ago, but Blackerton will never forget.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost. Sample copies of the 'Witness' and 'World Wide' will also be sent free on application.

'I Serve.'

(E. A. Gillie, in the 'Sunday at Home.')

The soldiers lying in lines upon the ground had forgotten the death and danger before them in sleep. Yet there was one young officer to whose eyes sleep refused to come, whose cheeks were flushed by feverish thought.

'Stépan,' he said in a quick low whisper to the man who was busy with his tent, 'listen, it is no good—I am a coward. All today, all yesterday—ever since we left Marseilles, every hour of the day and in my dreams the dread has been coming nearer—and if we meet them to-morrow as I suppose we will—I cannot say what I may do. Think of it, Stépan—one of my race—a coward!'

The young man dropped his head into his hand, and over the square, brown face of the other soldier there passed a momentary quiver.

'It is the heat that wearies you, monsieur,' he said.

'Stépan, do "you" feel afraid?'

The man shrugged his shoulders.

'Why, I am made of such coarse stuff'—then he stopped and looked at his master. 'But I, too, oh yes,' he added, 'I fear. But with sleep it will pass, monsieur; lie down and rest, you will feel different to-morrow.'

'I wish I might never rise again,' the young man said fiercely, and turning his head away he flung himself down on the ground, and in spite of his belief to the contrary was soon asleep. Not so Stépan; thoughts for his master kept him awake.

* * * *

The fight was over and the enemy repulsed, at what cost those who were burying the dead might say. Yet there was a sadder task still to come—the execution of a runaway, and one at least of the officers who had condemned the man was filled with compassion for him, for he did not look like a coward nor of the stuff that makes a runaway.

'What made you run away and then attack your officer when he tried to stop you?' he asked the condemned. 'Can you not give any reason?' Stépan shook his head.

'It was terror, monsieur,' he said, 'sheer terror.'

'Fool!' the Colonel broke out angrily, 'you might at least have had respect for your officer. You gave him a wound that will disable him for some time.'

It seemed almost as if Stépan's face showed pleasure. 'I knew'—he began, then stopped and started afresh. 'I am sorry I hurt my master, but—it is better—he need not know about this till afterwards.'

'He will not,' said the younger man. 'And now, is there not perhaps a message you would like to write—or say?'

Stépan looked up eagerly. He was thinking of Annette, who had always held him to be a hero.

'How will they describe it,' he asked—'how will the lines run—in the newspapers?'

'"Shot for gross cowardice" will be the heading, at any rate,' the Colonel said sharply; 'there will be no mincing matters if I can help it. We don't want any more to follow your example.'

'I AM A COWARD.'

Stépan sighed. It did not sound nice that, after all, it would make little difference to him dead.

'I have no message to send,' he said.

'Not even to your master?'

Stépan wanted to say much, but yet dared so little. He spoke at last slowly.

'Tell him, monsieur, I grieve I can no longer serve him. I am sorry I wounded him, and that I know for certain now it is easier to fight than run away.'

The Colonel laughed harshly.

'"A la bonheur"! A little too late for such reflection. What?'

But the eyes of the accused sought the face of his second judge, where they lingered, and the wistfulness passed from them.

'I will see your master gets your message just as you wish,' said the younger man; 'you need not fear.'

His eyes still followed Stépan till just before leaving the tent the prisoner paused again. 'Will you tell him, too, I loved him—though a runaway?'

Again the eyes of judge and accused met and the judge bowed.

'A thousand thanks, monsieur,' Stépan cried, 'I am content,' then turned and went out smiling.

A Good Receipt for Those who are Sensitive.

(By O. S. Marden, in 'Success.')

Morbid sensitiveness requires heroic treatment. A sufferer who wishes to overcome it must take himself in hand as determinedly as he would if he wished to get control of a quick temper, or to rid himself of a habit of lying, or stealing, or drinking, or any other defect which prevented his being a whole man.

'What shall I do to get rid of it?' asks a victim. Think less of yourself and more of others. Mingle freely with people. Become interested in things outside of yourself. Do not brood over what is said to you, or analyze every simple remark until you magnify it into something of the greatest importance. Do not have such a low and unjust estimate of people as to think they are bent on nothing but hurting the feelings of others, and depreciating and making light of them on every possible occasion. A man who appreciates himself at his true value and who gives his neighbors credit for being at least as good as he is, cannot be a victim of over-sensitiveness.

When a prominent Congressman was told that a member of the House of Representatives had insulted him, he replied. 'No gentleman would insult me, and no one else could.' 'But I am not derided,' calmly replied Diogenes to one who told him that he was derided. The philosopher knew that only those are ridiculed who feel the ridicule and are hurt by it.

Beyond.

Never a word is said,
But it trembles in the air,
And the truant voice has sped,
To vibrate everywhere;
And perhaps far-off in eternal years
The echo may ring upon our ears.

Never are kind acts done
To wipe the weeping eyes,
But, like flashes of the sun,
They signal to the skies;
And up above the angels read
How we have helped the sorer need.

Never a day is given,
But it tones the after years,
And it carries up to heaven
Its sunshine or its tears
While the to-morrows stand and wait,
The silent mutes by the outer gate.

There is no end to the sky,
And the stars are everywhere,
And time is eternity,
And here is over there;
For the common deeds of the common day
Are ringing bells in the far-away.

—Selected.

The Desert School Visitor.

(Jeanette M. Dougherty, in 'S. S. Advocate.')

'Teacher, teacher!' exclaimed Anita, 'something moved in the corner.'

Every dark little face in the Mexican school was aglow with excitement.

'A scorpion,' boldly said Juan.

'No, a tarantula,' said Ricardo.

'Maybe 'twas a horned' toad,' suggested little Rita, and the other pupils laughed.

'Be quiet, children,' said the teacher, Miss Allen, trying to restore order, and nerving herself to meet the strange intruder. She was hardly more than a girl herself—this teacher of the country school out on the lonely desert—and she was unaccustomed to the queer animals of this arid country.

'Let me find it,' pleaded Juan, one of the larger boys, whipping a string and forked stick out of his pocket.

The Mexican children crowded to the corner without fear, for the desert animals were often inmates of their adobe homes.

Juan moved a bench, and as he did so there was a flash of color.

'A Gila monster!' exclaimed Juan.

'Don't let it breathe on you,' cried Anita, 'or you'll drop dead.'

The boys laughed at Anita's fear, but the teacher entreated, 'O, be careful,' for she had heard that this species of lizard was the most poisonous of all the desert reptiles.

'I'm not afraid,' answered Juan; 'I often help father trap them. See?' he called a moment later, as he brought the captive from the corner with a strong cord.

It was a fat, stupid-looking creature, but as the boy drew it forward it kept running out its long, forked tongue. Its color was a bright orange, shading to various tones of yellow, and irregularly marked with black, which gave it a blotched appearance. On the head were tubercles, or hard, bony lumps, and the body was covered with scales like nail heads or small pebbles.

'Juan,' said the teacher, as she and the children stood watching the Gila monster, 'you say you help your father catch these reptiles? Pray, tell, what does he do with them?'

'He sends them to museums in the East,' replied the boy. 'Sometimes,' he went on, 'doctors want them for the poison. Father says the teeth of the Gila monster are connected with big glands, that are filled with poison. If you make them mad, and give them something to bite, you can take the piece they have bitten and soak out the poison.'

'I can catch them, too,' said Ricardo, eager to have a part in the conversation. 'Out in the Sabino canon they're thick. I took a dozen into town to the curio store. They shipped them away some place.'

'I wonder what they eat?' asked Miss Allen.

'Birds' eggs mostly,' answered Ricardo, 'and bugs, too.'

'This one is only about ten inches long,' said Juan, looking at it critically. 'Most that we find are about eighteen inches.'

'The Gila monster is one of the largest lizards in North America,' said the teacher, returning to the desk, 'and it has the distinction of being the only one that is poisonous. Do you know any other place where the Gila monster is found besides in Arizona?'

'Father has seen them in New Mexico,' answered Juan.

'Yes,' said Miss Allen, 'and they are also found in Texas. They are named from the Gila River in Arizona. I always have had a great curiosity to see this animal, for I have heard marvellous stories of how men have lost their lives from its bite, whose poison is said to act directly on the heart.'

'My father,' said Juan, 'does not think the bite will kill a man.' As he spoke he drew the lizard out in front of the desk, the children gathering round him.

'What shall we do with our strange guest?' smilingly asked the teacher.

'I guess it belongs to Anita,' roguishly said Juan.

'I don't want it,' quickly answered the child, drawing back to a safe distance.

'Here, boys,' said Miss Allen, holding up two straws, 'draw for the intruder. It's time to close school.'

'Mine!' laughed Juan, as the lot fell to him, and he started for the door pulling the Gila monster after him and followed by the other children.

Taste and Character.

No statement of mine has been more earnestly or oftener controverted than than good taste is essentially a moral quality. 'No,' say many of my antagonists, 'taste is one thing, morality is another. Tell us what is pretty: we shall be glad to know that; but we need no sermons, even were you able to preach them, which may be doubted.'

Permit me, therefore, to fortify this old dogma of mine somewhat. Taste is not only a part and an index of morality;—it is the only morality. The first, and last, and closest trial question to any living creature is, 'What do you like?' Tell me what you like, and I'll tell you what you are. Go out into the street, and ask the first man or woman you meet, what their 'taste' is; and if they answer you candidly, you know them, body and soul. 'You, my friend in the rags, with the unsteady gait, what do "you" like?' 'A pipe, and a quartern of gin.' I know you. 'You, good woman, with the quick step and tidy bonnet, what do you like?' 'A swept hearth, and a clean tea-table; and my husband opposite me, and a baby at my breast.' Good, I know you also. 'You, little girl with the golden hair and the soft eyes, what do you like?' 'My canary, and a run among the wood hyacinths.' 'You, little boy with the dirty hands, and the low forehead, what do you like?' 'A shy at the sparrows, and a game at pitch farthing.' Good; we know them all now. What more need we ask?

'Nay,' perhaps you answer; 'we need rather to ask what these people and children do, than what they like. If they 'do' right, it is no matter that they like what is wrong, and if they 'do' wrong, it is no matter that they like what is right. Doing is the great thing; and it does not matter that the man likes drinking, so that he does not drink; nor that the little girl likes to be kind to her canary, if she will not learn her lessons; nor that the little boy likes throwing stones at the sparrows, if he goes to the Sunday school.' Indeed, for a short time, and in a provisional sense, this is true. For if, resolutely, people do what is right, in time to come they like doing it. But they only are in a right moral state when they 'have' come to like doing it; and as long as they don't like it, they are still in a vicious state. The man is not in health of body who is always thinking of the bottle in the cupboard, though he bravely bears his thirst. And the entire object of true education is to make people not merely 'do' the right things, but 'enjoy' the right things:—not merely industrious, but to love industry—not merely learned, but to love knowledge—not merely pure, but to love purity—not merely just, but to hunger and thirst after justice.

But you may answer or think, 'Is the liking for outside ornaments,—for pictures, or statues, or furniture, or architecture, a moral quality?' Yes, most surely, if a rightly set liking. Taste for 'any' pictures or statues is not a moral quality, but taste for good ones is. Only here again we have to define the word 'good.' I don't mean by 'good,' clever—or learned—or difficult in the doing. Take a picture by Teniers, of sots quarreling over their dice; it is an entirely clever picture; so clever that nothing in its kind has ever been done equal to it; but it is also an entirely base and evil picture. It is an expression of delight in the prolonged contemplation of a vile thing, and delight in that is an 'unmannered' or 'immoral' quality. It is 'bad taste' in the profoundest sense—it is the taste of the devils. On the other hand, a picture of Titian's, or a Greek statue, or a Greek coin, or a Turner landscape, expresses delight in the perpetual contemplation of a good and perfect thing. That is an entirely moral quality—it is the taste of the angels. And all delight in fine art, and all love of it, resolve themselves into simple love of that which deserves love. That deserving is the quality which we call 'loveliness'—(we ought to have an opposite word, hateliness, to be said of the things which deserve to be hated); and it is not an indifferent nor an optional thing whether we love this or that; but it is just the vital function of all our being. What we 'like' determines what we 'are,' and is the sign of what we are; and to teach taste is inevitably to form character.—Ruskin.

CANADIAN PICTORIAL

The following coupon is meant for use of our readers who already get the 'Messenger' through a club of Sunday School and who now wish to order the 'Pictorial' alone at the specially reduced rate of seventy-five cents a year to 'Messenger' readers.

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COUPON.

John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

Enclosed find seventy-five cents (75c) which with this coupon will pay for a year's subscription to the 'Canadian Pictorial' (regular rate, $1.00), according to special offer made to 'Messenger' readers.

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LITTLE FOLKS

A Summer Shower.

(By Sydney Dayre, in the 'Youth's Companion.')

Ah, the drops are pouring down
Over country, over town.
Pelting on the shining leaves,
Making music on the eaves,
Streaming down the grassy hill
While the rootlets drink their fill—
  Every little rain-drop glancing
  Like a fairy dancing—dancing.

Busy little elfins they,
Flitting through the air to-day;
Moistening the growing wheat
With their cool caresses sweet;
Filling up the little stream
Throwing back its grateful gleam—
  Watch them—listen! every patter
  Echoing like fairy chatter.

Washing now the pansy faces
Waiting in their modest places.
Roses droop with richer glow
As the diamonds bend them low.
Lilies looking all the while
Upward with a beaming smile
  At the little crystals dripping
  Like a fairy tripping—tripping.

—The 'Bulletin.'

'HERE, SHEEP! YOU LOST A BIT OF YOUR WOOL!'

Those Whom the Birds Love.

What Little Man or Little Woman has not thought how delightful it would be to have a wild bird, a robin, a thrush, or even one of those saucy, half tame little fellows, the sparrows, come and perch on one's shoulder and eat out of one's hand. Doubtless some Little Men have even followed a bird with a handful of salt, thinking that if they could get near enough to drop a pinch on his tail he could be caught and tamed. But, after all, what you want is not to catch him, but to have him come to you of his own accord, and they never will, the little creatures. Even the birds in the parks, though they will pick up the crumbs you scatter, keep their bright eyes on you every minute, and if you try to come very near them they immediately have another engagement in a distant part of the park. They won't believe you at all when you tell them that you are not like the bad boys who catch birds and cage them and rob nests and all that. It is very hard to think that because other people have been cruel to birds the birds have grown so distrustful that they won't believe any human being is their friend.

Still, there are a few people, a very few, whom the birds trust. Have the Little Men and Women ever read about Monsieur Poi, 'the bird charmer of the Tuileries'? He was just an old Frenchman, who used to walk in the beautiful gardens of the Tuileries, in Paris, and when he fed the birds, as he always did, they would come and perch on his hands, on his head, and flutter about him without the least fear. Probably many a small French child watched him wistfully and wondered how he did it, for though he was very quiet and gentle in his movements, they tried to be quiet and gentle too, and yet the birds wouldn't come to them. But the birds liked Monsieur Poi, though perhaps they couldn't tell themselves why they would perch on his hand and not go near any one else. You know how you are willing to make friends in a minute with one person, and another you don't care about at all, and yet the other person may be just as nice as the one you make friends with. It's your feeling, and the birds have their feelings that way too.

Wood pigeons, you know, are very shy birds in their native forests. It isn't at all easy to get anywhere near them in daylight. Even the wood pigeons in Hyde Park, in London, are as timid as possible. But every morning when a certain man who walked across the park on his way to business neared a certain side path off the Row, he found a group of the big birds waiting for him. In the most dignified and solemn manner they would mount to the top of the railings. Their friend would produce a handful of maize and pass it to them politely, in turn, and each bird, as the maize was offered him, bent his head and cocked up his square gray tail and took a grain and swallowed it with relish. Would they take it from any one else? No indeed. One wonders how they knew that particular man from every one else. He was dressed like many other men who walked there, and surely wood pigeons don't notice the color of people's eyes and how tall they are. Still, they knew this man and trusted him, though he hadn't done anything special to win their trust, more than other men who tried to get near them and couldn't. They aren't particularly fond of maize, either. When the children throw maize to the tame pigeons in Hyde Park, a few wood pigeons will hover nervously on the outskirts of the feathered crowd, but they are not tame enough or fond enough of maize to join in the scramble.

Sparrows, of course, are pretty tame, but how many of you ever had a sparrow come and perch on your hand of his own accord? Yet that is just what they do with a man who is often seen

in the quiet paths between the Serpentine Bridge and Rotten Row. Perhaps some of the Little Men and Little Women who have been to London and Hyde Park may have seen him, with a bevy of sparrows fluttering around him, alighting on his fingers and his sleeves. They are always eating the food he brings them, little greedies; but let any other person draw too near, and whist! away they fly in a twinkling.

There was once another frequenter of Hyde Park who seemed to have the power of charming the sparrows. They would perch in a row on the railing before him, and obey him as soldiers obey their captain in a drill. With their beady little black eyes fixed on his face they sat, and he would beckon one after another, and the one he beckoned would come at his call, and eat from his hand. Then he would throw crumbs in the air, and the birds would fly up in turn and catch them.

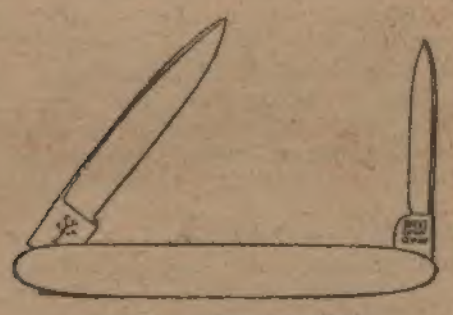
For many years a kind hearted old man used to walk the length of Rotten Row every morning, sticking a bit of bread into the bark of each tree he passed. A noisy crowd of sparrows attended him, enjoying the meal from their bark tables very much. But he never tried to tame them, nor were they ever seen to perch on his hands. Evidently they were drawn to their friend by plain hunger and nothing else in that case.

How can we get the birds to love us and trust us, and perch on our hands and shoulders? It is discouraging to think that even giving them the food they love best, and moving very gently, and trying very hard not to frighten them, won't do it, except in very rare cases. But one thing is certain. If you don't feed them, and if you throw stones at them and frighten them, they won't come anywhere near you. They will fear you as you fear cyclones and other dreadful things. So it is better to be good to them. It is very nice to see them cocking their bright eyes at you and enjoying your crumbs on the ground, even if they don't perch on your shoulders.—'Tribune.'

Sunday School Offer.

Any school in Canada that does not take the 'Messenger' may have it supplied free on trial for three weeks on request of Superintendent, Secretary or Pastor, stating the number of copies required.

Premiums! Premiums!!



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Very dainty—2 1-2 inches long, slender nickel handle, no pearl to break off, two blades. Free for only TWO NEW subscriptions to the 'Messenger,' at 40 cents.

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About the 'Women's Edition.' Every Woman Wants It.

The date of the Women's Edition of the 'Witness' has been fixed for May 15, and as the demand will be enormous to satisfy local sales in Montreal city alone, out-of-town orders should be booked AT ONCE.

'Messenger' readers, especially the ladies, will want to get a copy, to see what their Montreal sisters can do in editing for one brief day such a newspaper as the Montreal 'Witness.' It is sure to be good from cover to cover, page after page of most interesting and varied matter, some articles written by people of note in Montreal; and the fact that the editorials, the sporting columns, the financial articles, market and stock reports, and other things usually thought purely masculine, are in the hands of the ladies, will lend an additional zest to the enjoyment. All profits go to provide and equip playgrounds for the children in the crowded parts of our Canadian Metropolis, and every copy purchased helps the good work along. Buy a copy for yourself and some for your friends.

Five cents a copy is the price mailed to any Canadian address outside Montreal. For the U. S. add two cents for postage. For foreign addresses add five cents postage. Stamps accepted. Send remittances to JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Dept. C., 'Witness' Office, Montreal.

Order at Once, or You May Miss It.

Who Wins the Prize?

Our boy readers should not forget the competition on for biggest sales of the 'Pictorial' during April, May and June. Splendid prizes —football — fishing rod — camera—watch and chain—baseball outfit, worth $4.00; hard cash, $3.00. That is for the first prize. And for the second prize, similar articles to the value of $3.00 each, or cash, $2.00.

There is a first and a second prize for the country boy, same for a town boy, same for a city, so all have a splendid chance, and even if you did not start in April, you might very easily come out at the top by an extra bit of pushing between now and the end of June. REMEMBER! you get your flag premium or your cash commission or whatever else you are working for just the same, for the prize is distinctly AN EXTRA. Write us for full particulars and a package of the Empire Number to start on.

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Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost. Sample copies of the 'Witness' and 'World Wide' will also be sent free on application.

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A real Army and Navy quality Flag (best wool bunting) given to every boy or girl who sells twenty copies of the 'Canadian Pictorial' (advertised below), at 10 cents each. This is a grand chance to be up and doing to have a good flag to hoist on Empire Day, and other national holidays.

Write us for a supply this very day, mentioning or enclosing this advertisement.

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To Canada belongs the honor of leading in the Empire Day celebrations, now so universally kept up throughout the length and breadth of His Majesty's vast dominions. It was a Canadian lady who first suggested such a day; it was in Canada that it first came into vogue, and it is fitting that the

'CANADIAN PICTORIAL,'

the great national illustrated magazine of Canada, should make its May number

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Then there will be pictures of the army and pictures of the navy, showing where the Empire's men-of-war are built; there will be patriotic scenes in various parts of the Empire; there will be pictures dealing with the problems of Empire from a Canadian standpoint, the constant movement of emigrants out from the heart of the Empire to the building up and solidifying of its outposts, and there will also be patriotic music. Altogether it will be such a number as every true Britisher will delight in. Stories, jokes and other departments will fill up the cup of interest, and the price is only

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Please send me the 'Canadian Pictorial' for six months for which I enclose your trial rate of 35 cents.

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For clubbing offers see page 11.

Temperance

No Compensation.

A Story More Fact Than Fable.

(The Rev. F. Docker, in the 'Alliance News.')

(Continued.)

"'Don't be soft, Annie,' Jim said, angrily—I had never seen him so angry before—'Don't be a fool!' and I am sorry to say he used a word I'd never heard him use to me before. 'If "you" can afford to stand in your own light "I" can't, and if "you" feel inclined to work the eyes out of your head "I" don't. And, as to Annie, what's to hurt her? Do you think I don't love Annie as much as you? I wouldn't let anybody hurt a hair of her head.'

'Well, sir, I had to come to, and so Jim had his way. I can't tell you how I felt. I felt like those poor creatures must have felt in the old slave days, when they were being sold. It seemed as if both my Annie and me were being sold, body and soul, to that big brewery company. Me to serve behind a sloppy public-house bar, that had been used to church and school! No more Sundays for me! Oh, I thought, sir, what would my poor dead mother say about it if she was here to know? How glad I was that she was dead, and had been spared that sorrow!

'At first the life was awful—I used to sob for hours about it. I used to listen to the sweet church bells on a Sunday evening, and there was I, pulling beer and liquor for half-drunken men and women. And then the drunken leering glances and talk of the men! But somehow, after a while, I got hardened to it. I cried till I could cry no more, and Jim got cross, and told me I was frightening the men away to the "Blue Anchor," over the way, with my miserable looks. I saw the only way to make the thing pay was to sell as much drink as possible, and, of course, make as many men and women drunk as we could, and that cut me to the heart, because I used to think how the dear children, like my Annie, must suffer at home. I couldn't help feeling soft, you know. I was a mother. And yet the management said they didn't want drunkenness, but I'd like to know how you are to help it when it's house competing against house?

'Well, you know, sir, Jim did work to make the house pay. Poor fellow! he sold his soul to do it. But try what he could he couldn't make it pay, to satisfy the manager of the company. And he said the shareholders of the company would complain. Do you believe it? But I heard there were members of Christian churches, and even ministers, holding shares in that company. Somebody told me that the clergyman of the church, the sweet bells of which I used to listen to every Sunday, owned shares in the company, and here was I and my husband selling our souls to earn them money. Curse them, I say! They have had that that was more precious than life to me.

'Well, as I say, things didn't prosper very well, and Jim by this time was another man. He said you had to suit yourself to your customers, and he did. He would talk dirty talk with them, to be sociable. And sometimes, when I gave him a look, he would go red with anger; but I'm sure he was more angry with himself than with me. Still, the manager was not satisfied; we were not earning enough, though, I am sure, the house was paying ever so much better than it had ever done before, and making a profit, but that wasn't enough.

'One day the manager came to see Jim, and Annie happened to come into the room where they were. It was, I remember, her seventeenth birthday—sweet seventeen you know—and we had made her a bit smart for the occasion.

"'My word, what a lovely girl that is of yours!' I heard the manager say, and I saw Jim flush with pride. That made him feel happier, I believe, than if you had given him a hundred pounds, for he did love her—our only child.

"'Can she play the piano, then?' the manager asked, pointing to a piece of music that stood against the piano.

"'Oh, yes,' said Jim, splendidly. 'Here Annie love,' he said, 'come and play a bit for Mr. Slaughter,' and so she came and played in her best style.

'Why, she's as clever as she is beautiful,' said Slaughter. "I say, old man, you've a gold mine in her; why don't you let her play for your customers? She'd be no end of an attraction.'

"'Not a bad idea,' I heard Jim say.

"'Bad idea! Man alive!' the manager answered, 'why she'd make your fortune; the "Blue Anchor" people wouldn't have a customer left!'

'I thought I should have dropped. I had so far kept my Annie right away from the bar. I wouldn't have her pure ears hear what mine heard daily from men and women, especially from women, for a bad woman is far worse than a bad man; they say things that would shock a man—for worlds—and here was this fiend proposing my innocent child for these filthy eyes of drunken men to feast upon. Never! I said. I'll die first, and I was just ready to rush in and tell the manager so; but fear held me back. I knew it would ruin us. But why didn't I, even if Jim had laid me dead at his feet?

'So, when Jim came into the sitting-room, at the back of the bar, where I was, with my eyes all aflame, and as pale as death, I said to him, "Jim, I've heard what that fiend, Slaughter, said to you about Annie. I'd rather see her in her coffin, much as I love her, than she should ruin her soul as I have ruined mine, in this devilish trade." I think Jim thought I was gone suddenly mad, for he seemed terrified at me, and I think I must have looked mad. And what mother wouldn't go mad at the thought of her child being lost, and that's what it seemed to me. Of course, people will say that I was foolish, because a publican's is a respectable trade, and the law allows it and encourages it, and grand folk, and ministers of religion even, patronize it. But then, you see, sir, I'd been brought up all so different; I'd been brought up in a God-fearing home, and the scenes of our public-house were so dreadful to me. Well, I didn't get my way about Annie. Jim completely altered; the fact is, he had begun to drink more than was good for him, so he said to me one day, "Look here, my girl, the governor isn't satisfied about our house; he says it doesn't pay as the company would like, so understand, I'm going to have my own way about Annie, I can't afford any of your Methodist notions. She's going behind the bar, and she's going to play the piano for the customers. I'll look after Annie—I suppose I love her as much as you do, and know what's good for her; so you just mind your own business and I'll mind mine," and Jim brought his hand down with a thump on the table, and his eyes glared fierce. I'd never seen him look like that before. So I was just cowed, sir, just cowed, and I had to give way, and Annie went behind the bar. Jim was right, she 'was' a great attraction. Gentlemen used to drop in to hear her play they said, and for a chat with her; she was so intelligent, and sweet, and lively. What maddened me was, some of them thought she was an ordinary barmaid, and they used to hint at things that made Annie toss her head and turn away with disgust. Oh, those dirty old men who called themselves gentlemen! A good many of those began to drop in—gentlemen who had business in the neighborhood. Annie seemed proof against all harm—dear girl. But there was one young fellow named Pearson; he was the son of a local iron master. The Pearsons were an old-established firm at Newbridge; they were very wealthy, and employed hundreds of hands. Young Ernest Pearson was a splendid fellow, as far as looks are concerned, and he dressed splendidly, too. I saw he came to drink more and more, and he would stand by the hour talking to Annie, or listening to her playing. Of course the business became splendid, and the manager of the company complimented Jim upon his business abilities, and as to money, well, we had never had so much money in our lives.

(To be Continued.)

There is no land to which the ordinary traveller goes in which it is not easy to get water that is safer than liquor.—J. Sunderland, traveller.

..HOUSEHOLD..

FOR THE BUSY MOTHER.

The home dressmaker should keep a little catalogue scrap book of the daily pattern cuts. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

2774.—Boys' Russian suit, consisting of a blouse closing at right side of front and having sleeves plaited at bottom or finished with wristbands; and knickerbockers.—A good model for serge, mohair, cheviot, Venetian or broadcloth as well as heavy linen, Indian-head cotton, pique or duck. Five sizes, 2 to 6 years.

2752.—Child's one-piece dress, closing at front and to be worn with or without the guimpe.—A simple and easily constructed little model suitable for development in challis, mohair, albatross or any of the washable materials, trimmed with lace and worn with a plain lawn or dotted Swiss guimpe. Four sizes, 1 to 7 years.

Always give the size wanted as well as number of the pattern, and mention the name of the design or else cut out the illustration and send with the order. Price of each number 10 cents (stamps or postal note). The following form will prove useful:—

Please send me pattern No. ....., size ....., name of pattern ....., as shown in the 'Messenger.' I enclose 10 cents.

Be sure to give your name and address clearly.

Address all orders to:—'Northern Messenger' Pattern Dept., 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

Wait Till the End.

(Sarah Tytler, in the 'Christian Age.')

PART I.

The Sin and the Forgiveness.

'To think he has thrown away all his chances and spoilt his life! Such a fine, handsome, clever young fellow as Harry! I do not wonder so much at her, the temptation must have been great, though she ought to have known better and resisted it; she ought, indeed, Mrs. Leader, if it had only been for the boy's sake—that is, if she had really cared for him. But for him, with all the world before him, I do not know what his uncle, the General, will say; I positively dread seeing him.'

It was Mrs. Dixon, Horace Dixon's mother, who spoke thus effusively to a friend who had seen it her painful duty to warn Mrs. Dixon of a scandal in her family, of which its heads remained in ignorance. 'The woman is a complete simpleton,' Mrs. Leader had told herself, 'but it is not right that she should be allowed to go on talking of her precious son as a disengaged, eligible young man (save us from such eligibility) that she should angle to get him invited, along with his sister Madge, to the Club Ball, and actually beam meaningly when she says she hopes he will then be introduced to my sister Maud (poor Maudie!) when all the time a corner of Edgbaston is ringing with the story that Horace Dixon has been married before the Registrar to our old music-mistress, Augusta Ball.'

Mrs. Leader was handsome, rich, young, and hard, and she had little more than a contemptuous tolerance for Mrs. Dixon, the mid-

ORANGE MEAT COMPARED WITH BREAD.

BREAD and milk make a good food, but usually bread is not baked enough to get the best results. By chemical analysis there is found a great difference between the bread crumb and bread crust. Owing to the action of heat the bread crust contains about one-third less moisture than the crumb, six times more fat, 40 percent more proteid, twice the quantity of soluble matter, 60 percent more maltose, and three times more dextrine, all due to heat action.

ORANGE MEAT (which contains the whole wheat) is so prepared that every ounce will be affected like the bread crust. No kitchen with ordinary apparatus can produce this effect.

Read carefully the private postcard in every package of Orange Meat, giving details of how to win one dollar a week every week of your life.

die-aged wife of a retired Indian officer, with a competence and a son and daughter, but the younger woman was really doing her best, in her sweeping, autocratic manner, to save the elder from making herself more ridiculous than need be. Mrs. Leader knew very well that Horace Dixon was a lanky, rather plain young man. His position was no higher than that of a clerk in a public office. His father, Captain Dixon, had not been able to do more than make a provision for his wife and daughter. The trump-card of the family, General Dixon, was a married man with a large family.

When pressed on the subject of age by Mrs. Dixon, Mrs. Leader had to admit that Miss Ball must be six or seven years Horace Dixon's senior, twenty-nine to Horace Dixon's twenty-three, or thereabouts.

'Oh, my darling boy,' groaned Mrs. Dixon, pressing her teeth on her nether lip in an agony of despair. When she spoke again, it was to check off the counts of the indictment:—'A music-mistress, with a mother confined to a chair, dependent on the daughter, and she fit to be my poor, poor, generous, unsuspecting Harry's mother, instead of his wife! He was recommended to board with them, because he was fond of music, and they were far above taking regular ordinary boarders? Well, they have taken in their extraordinary boarder with a vengeance!' cried Mrs. Dixon, so moved by the family calamity that her distracted mind perpetrated a pun.

Mrs. Leader did not laugh, she frowned with the severity of the young and intellectual. 'You are going too far, Mrs. Dixon,' she said, with her inexorable coolness and accuracy. 'The Balls were respectable, well-connected people, with whom we have always been on visiting terms, though Augusta Ball had to give us our music-lessons. Mr. Ball was a friend of my father's, and was in affluent circumstances before he got into business difficulties and died. Everybody professed, at least, to admire the spirit and independence with which Augusta immediately put her talents and education to account in order to support her mother, and you must own that at the age of six years she could hardly have been your son's mother.'

'Poor thing! she must have had a great deal to bear,' sighed kindly Mrs. Dixon, softening a little, only to harden again the next moment. 'All the same, she ought not to have taken advantage of my Harry; she should have let my boy go. It was mean and cruel of her to mar his fine prospects.'

'I have done enough, I really cannot say any more for Augusta Ball, after she has been so disgustingly silly and undignified—at her age, too, and considering what she has come through,' reflected Mrs. Leader on the receipt of a letter from the said Augusta, imploring her friendly intervention, and begging her to assure the outraged parents that after having consented to abet their son in his undutiful defiance of their authority, she would thenceforth strive to be to them both a most dutiful daughter.

Happily for the younger Dixons, their elders were wonderfully placable.

'We must forgive them in time, you know,' was Mrs. Dixon's next wistful suggestion, consistent in its inconsistency, to Mrs. Leader, who was half amused, half provoked at the change of wind. 'It is our duty as Christians to forgive, and he is our boy—our only boy. He has really committed no crime; why, he has not even been guilty of a moral wrong, though he has set a bad example to Madge. Still, a man is different from a woman: he is bidden to leave his father and mother and cleave to his wife; and we, Captain Dixon and I, have thought it better that Harry's father should send him his usual cheque, not very much, not more than we can perfectly well afford, and not saying what it was for, but really to prevent the young couple from making the bad beginning of starting in debt. We could not allow that, however angry we were.'

(To be continued.)

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